

THE MEREDITH EAGLE.

VOL. II.

MEREDITH, N. H., SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1881.

NO. 8.

THE BLACK ROBE.

By Wilkie Collins.

AUTHOR OF—

"THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "THE MOON STONE," "AFTER DARK," "NO NAME," "MAN AND WIFE," "THE LAW AND THE LADY," "THE NEW MAGDALENE," ETC., ETC.

WINTERFIELD'S DIARY CONTINUED.

March 3d.—I have just seen the land lord of the hotel; he can help me to answer one of Mrs. Eyrecourt's questions. A nephew of his holds some employment at the Jesuit headquarters here, adjoining their famous church *R. Gesù*. I have requested the young man to ascertain if Father Benwell was still in Rome.

4th March.—Good news this time for Mrs. Eyrecourt, so far as it goes. Father Benwell has long since left Rome, and has returned to his regular duties in England. If he exercises any further influence over Romayne, it must be done by letter.

5th March.—I have returned from Romayne's sermon. This double renegade—he who did not deserve his religion and his wife?—has failed to convince my reason. But he has so completely upset my nerves that I ordered a bottle of champagne (to the great amusement of my friend the banker) the moment we got back to the hotel.

We drove through the scantily-lighted streets of Rome to a small church in the neighborhood of the Piazzai Navona. To a more imaginative man than myself, the scene when we entered the building would have been too impressive to be described in words, though it might, perhaps, have been painted. The one light in the place glimmered mysteriously from a great wax candle, burning in front of a drapery of black cloth and illuminating dimly a sculptured representation, in white marble, of the crucified Christ, wrought to the size of life. In front of this ghastly emblem a platform projected, also covered with black cloth. We could penetrate no further than to the space just inside the door of the church. Everywhere else the building was filled with standing, sitting and kneeling figures, shadowy and mysterious, fading away in far corners into impenetrable gloom. The only sounds were the low wailing notes of the organ, accompanied at intervals by the muffled thump of worshippers penitentially beating their breasts. On a sudden the organ ceased; the self-inflicted blows of the penitents were heard no more. In the breathless silence that followed, a man robed in black mounted the black platform, and faced the congregation. His hair had become prematurely gray; his face was of the ghastly paleness of the great crucifix by his side. The light of the candle, falling on him as he slowly turned his head, cast shadows into the hollows of his cheeks, and glistered in his gleaming eyes. In tones, low and trembling at first, he stated the subject of his address. A week since two noteworthy persons had died in Rome on the same day. One of them was a woman of exemplary piety, whose funeral obsequies had been celebrated in that church. The other was a criminal, charged with homicide under provocation, who had died in prison, refusing the services of the priest—impenitent to the last. The sermon followed the spirit of the absorbed woman to its eternal reward in heaven, and described the meeting of dear ones who had gone before, in terms so devout and touching that the women near us, and even some of the men, burst into tears. Far different was the effect produced when the preacher, filled with the same overpowering sincerity of belief which had inspired his description of the joys of heaven, traced the downward progress of the last man, from his impotent deathbed to his doom in hell. He described the retributive voices of mother and son, bereaved of husband and father by the fatal deed, ringing incessantly in the ears of the homicide. "I, who speak to you, hear the voices," he cried. "Assassin! assassin! where are you? I see him—I see the assassin hurled into his place in the sleepless ranks of the damned—I see him, dripping with the flames that burn forever, writhing under the torments that are without respite and without end." The climax of this terrible effort of imagination was reached when he fell on his knees and prayed with sobs and cries of entreaty—prayed, pointing to the crucifix at his side—that he and all who heard him might die the death of penitent sinners, absolved in the divinely-stoning name of Christ. The hysterical shrieks of women rang through the church. I could endure it no longer. I hurried into the street, and breathed again freely when I looked up at the cloudless beauty of the night sky, bright with the peaceful radiance of the stars.

And this man was Romayne! I had last met with him among his delightful works of art; an enthusiast in literature; the hospitable master of a house,

filled with comforts and luxuries to its remotest corner.

"Yes," said my companion, "the Ancient Church not only finds out the man who can best serve it, but develops qualities in those men of which they have been themselves unconscious."

I listened without making any remark. To tell the truth I was thinking of Stella.

6th March.—I have been to Civita Vecchia, to give a little farewell entertainment to the officers and crew before they take the yacht back to England.

In the few words I said at parting I mentioned that it was my purpose to make an offer for the purchase of the vessel, and that my guests should hear from me again on the subject. The announcement was received with enthusiasm. I really liked my crew, and I don't think it is vain in me to believe that they return the feeling, from the sailing-master to the cabin-boy. My future life, after all that has passed, is likely to be a roving life, unless—

No! I may think sometimes of that happier prospect, but I had better not put my thoughts into words. I have a fine vessel; I have plenty of money, and I like the sea. These are three good reasons for buying the yacht.

Returning to Rome in the evening I found waiting for me a letter from Stella.

She writes (immediately on the receipt of my telegram) to make a similar request to the request addressed to me by her mother. Now that I am at Rome, she too wants to hear news of a Jesuit priest. He is absent on a foreign mission, and his name is Penrose. You shall hear what obligations I owe to his kindness," she writes, "when we meet. In the meantime I will only say that he is the exact opposite of Father Benwell, and that I should be the most ungrateful of women if I did not feel the truest interest in his welfare."

This is strange, and to my mind not satisfactory. Who is Penrose, and what has he done to deserve such strong expressions of gratitude? If anybody had told me that Stella could make a friend of a Jesuit I am afraid I should have returned a rude answer. Well, I must wait for further enlightenment, and apply to the landlord's nephew once more.

7th March.—There is small prospect, I fear, of my being able to appreciate the merit of Mr. Penrose by personal experience. He is thousands of miles away from Europe, and he is in a situation of peril, which makes the chance of his safe return doubtful in the last degree.

The one light in the place glimmered mysteriously from a great wax candle, burning in front of a drapery of black cloth and illuminating dimly a sculptured representation, in white marble, of the crucified Christ, wrought to the size of life. In front of this ghastly emblem a platform projected, also covered with black cloth.

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8th March.—The occasion for opening my diary once more has presented itself this morning.

News has reached me of Romayne, which is too important to be passed over without notice. He has been appointed one of the pope's chamberlains.

It is also reported, on good authority, that he will be attached to a papal embassy when a vacancy occurs.

These honors present and to come seem to remove him further from the possibility of a return to his wife and child.

15th March.—It is eight in the morning, and I scarcely know how to employ myself. Having finished my coffee I have just looked again at my diary.

It strikes me that I am falling into a bad habit of writing too much about myself. Can I help thinking of it? Can I dismiss from memory the unmerited misfortunes which have taken from me in the prime of her charms, the woman whom I love? At least I can try.

The good old moral must be my moral: "Be content with such things as ye have."

16th March.—It is eight in the morning, and I scarcely know how to employ myself. Having finished my coffee I have just looked again at my diary.

It strikes me that I am falling into a bad habit of writing too much about myself. The custom of keeping a journal certainly has this drawback—it encourages egotism. Well, the remedy is easy. From this date I lock up my book, only to open it again when some event has happened which has a claim to be recorded for its own sake. As for myself and my feelings, they have made their last appearance in these pages.

* * * *

17th June.—The occasion for opening my diary once more has presented itself this morning.

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18th June.—In regard to Romayne. Mrs. Eyrecourt seems to be of my opinion.

Being in Paris to-day, at a morning concert, she there met with her old friend, Dr. Wybrow. The famous physician is suffering from overwork, and is on his way to Italy for a few months of rest and recreation. They took a drive together after the performance, in the Bois de Boulogne; and Mrs. Eyrecourt opened her mind to the doctor as freely as usual on the subject of Stella and the child. He entirely agreed (speaking in the future interests of the boy) that precious time has been lost in informing Romayne of the birth of an heir; and he has promised, in matter what obstacles may be placed in his way, to make the announcement himself, when he reaches Rome.

9th June.—Madam Raymond has been speaking to me confidentially on a very delicate subject.

I am pledged to discontinue writing about myself. But in these private pages I may note the substance of what my good friend said to me. If I only look back often enough at this little record I may gather the resolution to profit by her advice. In brief these were her words:

"Stella has spoken to me in confidence since she met you accidentally in

the garden yesterday. She cannot be guilty of the poor affectation of concealing what you must have already discovered for yourself. But she prefers to say the words that must be said to you through me. Her husband's conduct to her is an outrage that she can never forget. She looks back with sentiments of repulsion which she dare not describe to that 'love at first sight' (as we call it in England), conceived on the day when they first met, and she remembers regretfully that other love, of years since, which was love of steadier and slower growth. To her shame she confesses that she failed to set you the example of duty and self-restraint when you were alone. She leaves it to my discretion to tell you that you must see her for the future always in the presence of some other person. Make no reference to this when you next meet; and understand that she has only spoken to me instead of to her mother, because she fears that Mrs. Eyrecourt might use harsh words and distress you again as she once distressed me. If you will take my advice you will ask permission to go away again on your travels."

Even Mrs. Eyrecourt seems to have improved in the French air and under the French diet. She has a better surface to lay the paint on; her nimble tongue runs faster than ever, and she has so completely recovered her good spirits that Monsieur and Madam Raymond declare she must have French blood in her veins. They were all so unaffectedly glad to see me (Madame included) that it was really like returning to one's home. As for Traveler, I must interfere (in the interests of his figure and his health) to prevent everybody in the house from feeding him with every eatable thing from plain bread to pate de foie gras.

My experience to-day will, as Stella tells me, be my general experience of the family life at St. Germain.

We begin the morning with the customary cup of coffee. At 11 o'clock I am summoned from my "pavilion" of three rooms to one of those delicious and artificially varied breakfasts which are only to be found in France and in Scotland.

An interval of about three hours follows, during which the child takes his siesta, and his elders occupy themselves as they please. At 5 o'clock we all go out—with a pony-chaise which carries the weaker members of the household—for a ramble in the forest. At 6 o'clock we assemble at the dinner-table. At coffee-time some of the neighbors drop in for a game at cards. At 10 we all wish each other good-night.

Such is the domestic programme, varied by excursions in the country and by occasional visits to Paris. I am naturally a man of quiet, stay-at-home habits. It is only when my mind is disturbed that I get restless and feel longings for change. Surely the quiet routine of St. Germain ought to be welcome to me now! I have been looking forward to this life through a long year of travel. What more can I wish for?

This is strange, and to my mind not satisfactory. Who is Penrose, and what has he done to deserve such strong expressions of gratitude? If anybody had told me that Stella could make a friend of a Jesuit priest, he is absent on a foreign mission, and his name is Penrose. You shall hear what obligations I owe to his kindness," she writes, "when we meet. In the meantime I will only say that he is the exact opposite of Father Benwell, and that I should be the most ungrateful of women if I did not feel the truest interest in his welfare."

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Nothing more, of course.

And yet—and yet—Stella has ingeniously made it harder than ever to play the part of *la belle dame sans merci*.

Her beauty is a subject of congratulation to her mother and her friends. How does it affect me?

I had better not think of my bad fate. Can I help thinking of it? Can I dismiss from memory the unmerited misfortunes which have taken from me in the prime of her charms, the woman whom I love? At least I can try.

The good old moral must be my moral: "Be content with such things as ye have."

15th July.—A letter has reached Mrs. Eyrecourt this morning from Dr. Wybrow. It is dated, "Castel Gandolfo near Rome." Here the doctor is established during the hot months, and here he has seen Romayne, in attendance on the Holy Father, in the famous summer palace of the popes. How he obtained the interview Mrs. Eyrecourt is not informed. To a man of *plus ou moins* doors no doubt opened which remain closed to persons less widely known.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1881.

NEWS FROM OUR NEIGHBORS.

CAMPBELL.

Christopher, a son of O. Holmes, Esq., of Liverpool, and a friend who accompanied him, caught a large string of trout in this town on Monday of last week. As we are lovers of the "speckled beauties" and didn't have a taste of them, we shall say no more about Tiffy's luck, for it makes our mouth water" too much. When you come again Tiffy, send us one.

The poll tax in this town this year, is five cents less than last, \$1.85. Highly—60 cents. Encouraging that it's doing well.

George F. Blaisdell has volunteered to trim out the bushes from the old cemetery, near the store of C. W. Cook. A commendable act. But who will repaint the permanent stone post fence in front of this "God's Acre," which his lamented father, F. C. Blaisdell, caused to be erected? This fence was erected for the departed citizens of the town who remain interred therein demand an improvement of this kind without further delay!

In the bosom of this sacred plot repose many of the beloved and highly esteemed fathers, mothers, and children of the past and present century. Should there be any difficulty in getting the inhabitants to contribute to the town to protect such a spot? Who will make a start in the matter?

Mrs. Shure's four-legged chicken is still alive and growing as vigorously as any of its less encumbered mates. There is nothing to be said to a party in Manchester.

NEW HAMPTON.

The school in district No. 6 is progressing well with 16 scholars.

During the shower of May 30, the lightning struck the barn of T. P. Brown, but fortunately it did not set it on fire and did not slight damage to the barn.

There was a severe frost here the night of June 8, doing much damage to beans, etc.

Quite a number have lost young cattle by disease. J. C. Moses has lost three.

Miss Winnie Dow, who has been very ill and now for some time, is thought to be improving, though very slowly.

Nathaniel Moody of Newburyport, (a brother-in-law of the late David Bartlett) and his new wife, are visiting relatives in Tilton, where she enjoyed her birth very much.

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MONROEVILLE.

Mr. Ezra Durgin, a daughter of John Mrs. Ezra Durgin, is sick with diphtheria, and is not expected to live.

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Chapel Hall is being furnished with a coat of whitewash.

The anniversary exercises of the Institute will begin June 20 and continue through the 23d. Monday evening the 20th, there will be a sermon before the Students' Christian Association; Tuesday evening, the 21st, a lecture by Prof. Emerson on giving the class in surveying field lessons.

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Last Friday was a glorious day for the senior class of New Hampton. About 6 a.m. they might have been seen coming from their several boarding houses and making preparations for the long wished for class ride. About 7 o'clock, two teams, one of four horses and the other two started with the class for Laconia. They arrived about 12 o'clock. They then proceeded to Mr. Tebbetts' photograph gallery and sat for the class group. They then embarked on the fine little steamer of Lake Winnipesaukee and proceeded to the picnic grounds on the opposite shore, where a cookout of a bounding leap was furnished by the ladies of the class. After dinner they separated themselves into groups, and after strolling about for a short time, all took the steamer for a sail on the lake. Returning to the wharf, they separated, and after spending an hour at the picnic, old acquaintances and pieces of old times, they started home, having by their becoming deportment gained the respect of the citizens of Laconia and vicinity. They arrived home about 9 o'clock, having passed a very pleasant day, and one which they will remember in the future as one of the most memorable of their life at New Hampton. The whole class feel that their thanks are due to the gentlemen driving and those on the steamer for their courtesy.

The frost here was productive of much damage to our farmers. XERXES, JR.

RUMNEY.

Timothy Webber is now living in town in Peppert's tenement house.

New steps have recently been erected at Whitney's hall.

G. W. Fletcher is having his house re-shingled.

Bertie Whitcher has made a pet of a young fox.

J. Abbotts has lately added a nice bright looking set of tea boxes to the attractions in his store.

J. D. Tilton has his trial Saturday morning at the Hall.

Nellie M. Annis is teaching in Fales' district.

LINCOLN.

D. L. Guernsey of Concord has paid a visit to this town to see his mother who is quite feeble.

Geo. E. Boyce returned home from Franklin where he has been stopping for a few days.

We expect to see the river drivers soon.

There was quite a frost Tuesday morning and it made the potato tops look sickly.

We hope soon to hear the locomotives whistle over these hills.

Mrs. Eben Drew, who has been visiting friends in Campton has returned home.

THUNDERBOLT.

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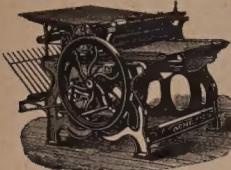
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Meredith Eagle.ISSUED BY THE
Eagle Publishing Company.

SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1881.

MEREDITH MATTERS.

Summer fruits at Pendexter's.
C. R. Swain is enlarging his barn.
Ed. Cox has plenty of livery business.

Gilman Webster's new house is done.
George Plaisted is very sick with measles.

Our late frost did considerable damage.
J. M. Beeds has returned from the West.

Nathan Chase, of Gilmanton, has been here.

Frank Canney is to repair his buildings.

D. M. Black sells the revised new testament.

Strawberry festival at the Centre, June 16th.

Mrs. F. P. Carey has been visiting in Concord.

J. W. Beede & Co., buy flour by the car load.

W. T. Phelps sells the Twin Dasher Churn.

The stone work for Mr. Worrall's stable is done.

Charles Morrison has lately cut a thumb badly.

Albert Pitman is building a slaughter house.

Thomas Robinson has been afflicted with lameness.

Daniel P. Smith recently lost a bull by lightning.

J. C. Avery had pea vines in blossom many days ago.

Charles Seegel is making a hand propeller for his boat.

G. K. James, Jr., has picked the first field strawberries.

B. F. Shepherd has gone to Centre Harbor for the season.

Marshall and Dockham are hauling slab wood to Laconia.

The house occupied by B. H. Clough has been repaired.

Work at the Centre saw mill is about done for the season.

Daniel Norris has sold considerable soluble Pacific guano.

It is proposed to form a Sextette of local choirs.

W. J. Daniels and E. W. Prescott are enlarging their buildings.

W. G. Slack has gone home to Wells River, Vt., on a vacation.

E. S. Robinson and wife have returned from their Pittsfield visit.

M. C. Brown has sold out his drug business to Charles Wiggin & Co.

Edward Hall, of Portsmouth, was lately the guest of Judge Rollins.

Colby's views of the Decoration day procession for sale at 20 cents each.

There is a call for a telephone to Weirs, also to Ashland and Plymouth.

Clark's and Lang's shops have been shut down on account of broken machinery.

J. I. Prescott is finishing up a tenement in connection with his carriage house.

A nice cupola has been added to Byron Clough's barn. His residence is nearly done.

A petition in favor of the Lake Shore road awaits signers at Bickford & Roberts'.

Joseph Roberts had one of his thumbs badly sawed at Wadleigh's mill, on Monday.

The Boston Comedy Company played here four nights, with good success, this week.

John Piper is going to build on the new street leading from the depot to Wadleigh's mill.

Two men fought about a rabbit Saturday evening on the bridge and the police had to settle it.

Mr. McIntire, late teacher in the High school, has been in town this week. He is at school at New Hampton.

Miss Abbie Bixby has gone on a visit to Boston and from there she goes to Old Orchard Beach to spend the summer.

As the steamer, "Lady of the Lake," is now running, Sanborn's stage from here to Centre Harbor is discontinued.

C. L. Joslyn, from Florida, has been stopping several days with Sam Hodgson. He is an extensive orange raiser.

Our G. A. R. will take a trip on the Gracie and barge to-night, leaving at 8.30. Story's orchestra will be present. Tickets, 30 cents.

Until further notice every subscriber to this paper will receive a copy of the REVISED NEW TESTAMENT, for every \$1.00 he shall pay, whether in arrears or advance, but if the former, must pay at the rate of \$1.50 per year. The book will be delivered at this office or sent by mail free of charge. Applications for this premium must be made when the money is paid.

A public library is still advocated. Samuel Boynton wants to sell his house.

We ought to have some open air concerts.

Greenleaf Maloon, of Boston, has been here.

R. F. McCrillis, of Danvers, Mass., has been visiting here.

G. L. P. Corliss and A. Pitman are selling good quantities of meat in their trips.

Dr. Mason has moved up to Mr. Eastman's, on the hill towards Centre Harbor. He thinks the air there may benefit him, as his health is very poor.

J. M. Beeds was among the officers elected by the Right Worthy Grand Lodge, I. O. of G. T., recently held at Topeka, Kansas. He is the R. W. G. O. G.

This paper is sent free on trial for one month, and all not wishing it after that time are requested to stop it, or otherwise they will be liable for payment as long as it is sent to their addresses.

LOCAL MARKET.

SELLING FIGURES CORRECTED EVERY WEEK.

Bacon, lb., \$1.75 250 Fried Apples, lb. 3 5

Hunter, lb., 15 25 Wood, cord, \$5.00 50

Onions, lb., 4 10 Tallow, lb., 8 10

Chickens, lb., 10 15 Hay, ton, 10 20

Eggs, doz., 10 20 Corn, bu., 7 10

Lamb, lb., 10 20 Flour, bu., 5 50 250

Potatoes, bu., 60 100 Meats, 100 lbs. 1.49

Pork, lb., 10 20 Milk, 100 lbs. 1.49

Hams, 100 lbs. 1.49 Tallow, lb., 10 20

Candies, lb., 5 10 Tea, lb., 10 20

Shrimps, lb., 40 80 Molasses, 100 lbs. 1.49

Beef, lb., 10 20 Vinegar, 100 lbs. 1.49

Tobacco, 10 20 Syrup, lb., 8 10

Prints, yd., 6 10 Glider, bu., 1 80 65

Apples, yd., 5 10 Laundry, gal., 10 20

Flour, bu., 10 20 Tea, lb., 17 25

Brass, 100 lbs. 1.49 Coffee, Rio, lb., 17 25

Flannel, yd., 10 20 Java, lb., 35 38

Sugar, 100 lbs. 1.49 Mustard, 100 lbs. 1.49

Hams, smoked, 12 14 Mustard, 100 lbs. 1.49

Ducks, 10 20 Syrup, lb., 10 20

Geese, 10 20 Cod Fish, 10 20

Box, 10 20 Shingles, 1.49 25

Oysters, per qt., 5 8 Lamb, 2 60 25

Macaroni, 5 8

**TWENTY-NINTH
Annual Report
—OF THE—
MASSACHUSETTS
MUTUAL LIFE
INSURANCE CO.
For the Year Ending Dec. 31, 1880.**

E. W. BOND, President.

JOHN A. HALL, Secretary.

Receipts in 1880.....\$1,465,361.50
Disbursements.....261,195.21

Assets.....7,000,041.48

Liabilities.....6,361,195.48

Surplus by Massachusetts Standard.....1,250,000.00

Interest Receipts in 1880.....877,320.50

Death Losses paid in 1880.....361,800.47

Excess of Interest over Death Losses.....\$75,519.03

The Massachusetts Mutual is a progressive and growing Company, careful and conservative in its management, and is well known for its sound investments.

Under the non-forfeiture law of Massachusetts, the Company is entitled to a dividend of 10 per cent. annually.

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BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES.

If necessity be the mother of invention, as philosophers declare, the necessity of living must be its very grandmother, for not only does it preclude over invention itself but over every prudential and objection raised by time and custom against its admission. And to what a multitude of trades and professions does not this necessity of living give rise? Who would have thought for instance, that a professor of bicycling would prove to be one of the most lucrative and popular occupations in the world? When poor, miserable professors of languages, of arithmetic, of Latin and Greek, of music or painting, are obliged to till their weary hour for half, nay sometimes for less than a quarter of that sum? But so it is.

Bicycling has become the fashionable pursuit of the young men, and as the ladies never fail to follow in the wake of fashion when set by their admirers, the tricycle has been adopted by them with the greatest eagerness. At first it was considered rather fast and looked upon with shyness, but ever since the newspaper account of the ride taken by her majesty and the Princess Beatrice, such royal lady mounted on her iron horse, and careering gaily on the high road and through the green lanes round Osborne, all Europe has been astir.

It is urged that no danger can exist, as the course (no means a light and active figure), was able to sit her sted with quite as much ease and confidence as when in former days she used to prance so proudly on her high mettled steed before the troops at a review. And so professors of the bicycle and tricycle abound, and the racing and chasing along the suburban roads at twilight, and the laughing and chattering as the iron coursers shoot by, give quite a new aspect to the solitary walks round London, and makes the simple-hearted, old fashioned cockney pause in amazement while watering in his garden and lilies of the valley, and declares that the world must surely going mad. *London Telegraph.*

A POWERFUL TENOR.

Asparagus is now the vegetable of the season. Whether you live at the Barrières d'Enfer, or at the Batignolles, at the Palace du Trocadero, or the Trocadéro, you are pretty sure, toward nine o'clock in the morning, to be aroused by the long drawn out "Ma bot d'aspengs." Ma bot d'aspengs! which some stout-lunged wogman is bawling under your window. One morning Berthon, the director of the Academy of music in 1768, was startled during his nap by the sound of Ma bot d'aspengs' song out in the ordinary way, but several notes higher. He ran to the window, looked out and saw and heard a tall, well-built, intelligent looking country fellow shouting the familiar street cry. He called him. "Do you know, my boy, that you have a remarkably powerful voice. Are you never tired?" "Tired?" ejaculated the vendor of asparagus. "Well, now! Why so loud?" "Do you wish to be engaged at the opera?" "I have no objections." To-morrow you shall have masters." The humble street cried became the famous Elise e Laine, who charmed the ladies of 1770 as much as Seller did the ladies of to-day. —*The Parisian.*

POORLY REPORTED.

Lawyer Benham, of the old Cincinnati bar, was an orator and very fond of showing off his clear, resonant voice. In a recent trial, he was asked why not to allow public opinion, which was against his client, to influence their verdict. "Gentlemen of the jury," he said, in concluding his appeal, "give up, drop entirely all feeling in this important matter and be like the ancient Romans in their adherence to the truth, who, in its defense, always eloquently declaimed: 'Amicus Cato, amicus Veritas.' " I am a friend to Cato, a friend to Plato, a friend to Cicero, but a greater friend to truth!" The next morning the lawyer found himself reported in the newspapers as follows: "Advocate Benham, the great orator, closed his great speech to the jury by eloquently declaiming: 'I may curse Cato, I may curse Plato, I may curse Cicero, said Maj. Veritas.' " —*Cx Gazette.*

SUPERIOR BANK-NOTES.

The production of a spurious bank-note was first accomplished in the year 1758, and the daring genius who first conceived this royal road to fortune was one Richard Vaughan, a hucknaper in Stafford. The bank had been going for sixty-four years without ever experiencing the slightest trouble or apprehension in the matter, and would probably have gone on for many years more, but for the ill-starred ambition of this worthy to impress his finances with a degree of splendor. He handed over to this lady a considerable sum in bank-note, all of which turned out to be his own manufacture. So he invented a new method of making a fortune which would certainly have been eminently successful but for the awkward interference of one of the engravers whose services had been engaged upon one part of the note. He communicated with the authorities, and Mr. Vaughan's enterprise came to a tragic end.

QUIKE WORK.

A rapid piece of work was done lately at Bucyrus, O., in replacing an iron bridge on an old wooden one. A scaffolding was first erected near the old bridge, and the new structure put together on it. Then all being in readiness and every part in place, the old bridge was removed and the new placed in position. This was accomplished in two hours and fifteen minutes. At 12.30 the last train crossed the old bridge, which the workmen immediately commenced to remove. Then the new structure was gradually drawn into permanent position by means of two large whale-boats, one at each end of the bridge, and each worked by twenty men. This operation occupied eighteen minutes. Then the connecting rails were laid, the roadway filled in firm, and at 2.45 the first train passed over the new bridge.

ARRESTS IN PARIS.

The Paris police force consists of the chief assistant-chief, the chef de bureau, 24 clerks, inspectors of 2000 visionaries, 200 principal brigadiers, 6000 policemen, and 13 medical men. Between 1874 and the end of 1879 the arrests amounted to 230,765, of which 195,933 consisted of men. The list of those who fell into the clutches of the police is a rather curious one, and comprises among others 3,092 young girls, 1719 flower sellers, 1041 engravers, 394 printers, 291 journalists and literary men, 567 teachers, 3329 waiters, 42 doctors, 16 lawyers, 127 chemists, 4 veterinary surgeons, 117 street-cleaners, 616 owners of house-property, and 26 tailors.

FASHION NOTES.

Poppies are very fashionable. Oxeyes rival daisies in popular favor.

Lace is the correct trimming for foulard silks.

Tussore silks sell rapidly to choice customers.

The high novelty of the moment is Japanese crepe.

Nasturtiums and wall flowers have come into favor.

Red and yellow ombre feathers are very fashionable.

Blue seems to be the prevailing color in Scotch gingham suits this season.

A new guiter for visiting costumes is of black satin and buttoned down the back.

Tan color and olive green are the favorite shades for summer traveling suits.

Very little drops of engraved silver are used to weight the end of ribbon bows worn down the front of dresses.

Corinthian grape—is a new shade of dark wine color. It combines well with stripes of pale blue and blush rose.

Fayal hats, bent into fanciful shapes and trimmed with white feathers and wide Indian nail lace, take the lead at the passing moment.

The old-fashioned French beret of twenty years ago is worn again, and, as in the past, is the favorite against all colors in this fabric.

The canary accompaniment of a sample number of roses, gloves of muslin will make an assault on an old man Sunday, T. Thompson at the Thaines hotel by pitchings him down-stairs, but has been arranged with her husband and family charged with keeping a disorderly house.

Connecticut gave \$4639 to the American home missionary society during April, the largest sum ever given by a single state.

Some young loafers of New Haven whom they suspected of being a liquor spy, and knocking him in the gutter beat him.

A Wallingford woman has found that her husband has three other wives living.

A thief entered Mrs. Beach's house at Fair Haven East the other day, stole \$15, put the lard into the soft soap tub and cut the woman's best dress into hundreds of pieces.

New England News.

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A thief entered Mrs. Beach's house at Fair Haven East the other day, stole \$15, put the lard into the soft soap tub and cut the woman's best dress into hundreds of pieces.

Hauter Tree.

The schooner Carrie S. Doyle of Gloucester is supposed to be lost with her crew of 15 men, as she was spoken on the Western banks in a leaky condition April 12, and has not since been heard from.

Connecticut.

Yale college has adopted the revised Testament, and President Porter uses it in chapel.

David Davidson, aged 70, of Ansonia, was killed by a train of cars recently.

A force of Swedes and Germans have taken the striking coal-shovelers' places at New Haven.

A New Haven man applies for a divorce on the grounds of intolerable severity, and testifies as proof of it that his wife didn't arrange the crockery properly in the pantries and chimneypieces.

A copy of the Bachelor, a Northfield publication, dated Nov. 29, 1879, has been found. Its wood cuts were made by Dr Boardman with a penknife, and it was devoted to the Fugitive Bachelor's club, a Northfield society formed to aid its members in their efforts to avoid marriage. Many of Northfield's standard patriots and deacons were formerly members.

Mrs Daniel A. Delaney of New Haven has been acquitted of the charge of killing A. Kennedy.

The other business bids fair to be the same in this year, owing to the loss flowing freely to the bourse. Four thousand men are employed on the Penobscot, half of them French Canadians. The mining crisis which emptied so many purses a year or two ago, has subsided, and poor people are no longer jesting about their better fortune in their attempts to buy stocks.

Connecticut gave \$4639 to the American home missionary society during April, the largest sum ever given by a single state.

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Some black dresses for morning costumes have a basque and over-skirt, a camel's hair bunting with steel buttons and crescents of steel for the only trimming. The lower skirt of silk or the wool has a single deep fine pleating from the knees down in front, while behind are two narrow knife-pleats, and the black drapery extends down to meet these.

Dresses that are made high now sometimes omit the standing collar, so that the wearer may turn it back in surprise style, and wear a fichu of lace or muslin with it. If the fichu is white it is sufficient finish, though a standing lace ruff is added if more becoming.

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Commodore Nutt's body has been buried at Manchester.

The report of the state treasurer for the year ending June 1 shows cash on hand \$37,507, net indebtedness \$3,372, reduction of debt for the year \$13,696, and surplus \$1,500.

B. W. Hoyt's shoe factory at Epping was burned recently, and hundreds of workmen are thrown out of employment; loss \$100,000, insurance about \$45,000.

One of the heavy grindstones in the New Hampshire shoe company's shop in Littleton, burst into four pieces.

Arthur Shastany, an employe, was thrown against the top of the room, laming and bruising him somewhat about the head.

The French government forbids the sale of toys covered with poisonous paint and powdered glass.

There are \$7,000,000 of 5 per cent at the treasury waiting the order of their owners, as they were started too late for continuance.

Mr West, the present British minister at Madrid, will probably succeed Sir Edward Thornton.

Secretary Blaine and Sir Edward Thornton have finished the negotiations in regard to the outrages upon American fisherman, and the losses for which the several fishermen amounted to \$103,000. The agreement is that the British government shall pay \$75,000.

The secretary of the navy has completed arrangements for the purchase of the naval station at Chiriqui and Golfo Dulce, two comparatively unknown harbors located in the State of Colombia, Central America. The former is the Caribbean sea and the latter on the Pacific ocean—and destined at no distant day to become very important points.

The collection of internal revenue for the 11 months of the current fiscal year have been \$123,443,983. The average weekly losses over like periods in 1880 were above \$100,000. If this increase continues during the month of June the receipt of June will be in the neighborhood of \$11,190,877, which will make the aggregate receipts for the current fiscal year about \$134,630,000.

Upon the invitation of Secretary Winwood, J. M. McGraw, sixth auditor of the treasury, and his deputy, F. B. Lilley, resigned.

Mr. Smith, an Englishman, of helping the Arabs at Matruh, and with Smith denounces the charge.

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